

He left nineteen cows to be divided between my two brothers and me. I, being the oldest, am to have one-half; my brother George is to have one-quarter, and my brother Tom is to have one-fifth, and none of us is to have any of them—good Holstein cows they are, too—if we can't divide them without cutting them up or selling them or resorting to any of that kind of trickery. The cows have got to stand up on their own hoofs, or whatever it is that a cow stands on. No boiling down, like the old apple puzzle; no cooking a beef stew or beefsteak pie or any of that nonsense. Did you ever hear of any such madness?"

Slick laughed, and the Captain watched him and waited till he had had the full measure of his merriment. "Well," said he at length. "When you're through with your confounded giggling, I'd like to have some sense from you." Slick stopped at once. "Now, can it be done or must I give it up?" Slick knit his brows. "What have you done about it?" he asked. The Captain opened a drawer of his desk and drew forth a handful of papers. "Do you see these?" he asked, and thrust them into Slick's hand. "I've figured this thing till I'm black in the face, but it's beyond my grade of mathematics." And he scowled as if he were cross-examining a criminal.

"The best answer I can get out of it is this," and as his face relaxed a smile spread and gave him his usual cheerful expression. "This," he continued. "I get nine cows and a half. George gets four and three-fourths and Tom gets three and four-fifths." Slick showed his amusement. "That's right," said he. "Right how?" asked the Captain. "What good is half a live cow, unless you have the hind half? The front half wouldn't be any good to a man except to admire it, and a fourth or the fifth would be about as valuable. That's bad enough, but the will says that there shouldn't be any cow left over, and I find that we have one and ninety-five one-hundredths surplus Holsteins on our hands. I give it up, and instead of having a flock of cows I've got the honor of acknowledging a streak of insanity in the family." And he blew rings of smoke, angrily snapping them off with his lips.

"How long have you got to work this out?" asked Slick. "Till this day week," replied the Captain despondently; then hopefully, "Do you think you can do it?" Slick's smile was almost contemptuous. "How much are the cows worth?" he asked. "A couple of hundred, I think," said the Captain. "But you can't sell them and divide the money, you understand." Slick nodded. "I understand," said he, "but I'm thinking that I'd rather have an electric washing machine for my mother that I read about in The New York Tribune Institute a couple of weeks ago than a cow, and that's what I'll do with mine. And I'll have quite a bit of loose change left over!"

The Captain admired his unselfishness. "I don't care if you buy a ton of dynamite if you only work it out so I can get my cows. It means a couple of thousand dollars to me."

Slick assured him that he would do his best, and went

home. An hour later he called the Captain on the 'phone and told him to bring the cow over. "You've solved it?" cried the Captain. "It's as easy as pie." The Captain laughed gladly. "I'll be right over," said he, and hung up.

Slick Announcements

"Detectics" are growing in popularity and our own home force of detectives is getting more skillful every day.

Four guessed the answer to the mystery story on the counterfeit case exactly, picking out West and Bentley as the culprits: Frank Reilly, 1210 Tinton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.; George Callis, 165 Decatur Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Anna Friedman, 26 New York Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Rose Whyte, Tivoli, N. Y. Then there were five others who guessed one of the culprits, but not the other. Of these, four selected West and one Bentley: William A. Wildman, jr., 217 Thirteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Shirley P. White, 802 Broadway, New York City; Thompson Everitt, 897 Crotona Park North, Bronx, N. Y.; Ray Harris, 265 East 182d Street, New York City; Irving Ober eld, 77 Bowery (Vaisberg), New York City.

The prize this time is two thrift stamps and half a dozen pencils with the winner's name in gold on each for those who were 100 per cent right and the pencils alone to those who were half right.

All readers of The Children's Tribune fifteen years old and under are invited to send answers to the mystery stories. The answer to this week's mystery must be mailed not later than Saturday, November 22. George Mitchell's solution will be published in next Sunday's paper.

THE MYSTERY MAN.

Fairy Ships

By KATE RANDLE MENEFFEE

*I THINK the leaves are fairies' ships
In which they take their winter trips
To lands where flowers grow—
And this is why they drift about
Upon the sea of air without
When autumn bids them go.*

*Some day I think I'll cry aloud,
"Oh, ship ahoy! with fairy crowd!"*

*When leaves begin to fall,
Then maybe, if my eyes are good,
I'll see some head in fairy hood
Bob up at my gay call.*

